

THE  
Honest *Yorkshire-Man*.

A BALLAD FARCE.

As it is ACTED at the

*THEATRE - ROYAL.*

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Written by Mr. CAREY.

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*Nunc itaque & versus & cætera ludicra pmo.*

HOR. Ep. I.

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D U B L I N :

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MDCCLVII.

(Vet A 5 e. 5906)

# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

*Gaylove*, a young Barrister, in Love with  
*Arbella*.

*Muckworm*, Uncle and Guardian to *Arbella*.

*Sapscull*, a Country Squire, intended for  
*Arbella*.


*Slango*, Servant to *Gaylove*, an arch Fellow.

*Blunder*, Servant to *Sapscull*, a Clown.

## W O M E N.

*Arbella*, Niece to *Muckworm*, in Love  
with *Gaylove*.

*Combrush*, her Maid, a pert one.

 The Lines marked thus ("") are  
generally left out in the Representation.





# PROLOGUE.

**T**H E Great, the Good, the Wise in every age,  
Have made a moral mirror of the stage;  
While to the shame and spite of tasteless fools,  
Terrence still reigns a Classic in our schools:  
But now the DRAMA fears a sad decline,  
And peevish hypocrites its fall combine.  
From stage to stage, behold our author toss'd,  
And, but for you, his genius crush'd and lost.  
No Wilks, no Booth! his labours to requite,  
He here takes shelter, studies to delight.

But to our FARCE. ——— It has a double aim,  
To honour wedlock, and put fools to shame;  
Folly and prejudice, too near a kin,  
Supply pert coxcombs with external grin;  
So infinitely stupid is whose mirth,  
They'll ridicule one's very place of birth,  
And cry, An Honest Yorkshire-Mian! a wonder!  
But let them shoot their bolts, let blockheads blunder.  
The glorious heroes of the Yorkshire line,  
To time's last period shall in annals shine;  
While standing slaves, who would those honours blot,  
Shall unregarded live ——— and die forgot.

Mean and unmanly is such partial spite,  
Averse to nature's laws, to reason's light;  
All fellow-creatures, sure should social be,  
Nay, even to brutes we owe humanity,

Our author does in virtue's cause engage,  
In hopes to make her shine upon the stage;  
A modest entertainment we intend,  
Willing to please, yet fearful to offend,  
Indulge us therefore, if you can't commend.

}  
}  
EPI.



# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. CANTRELL, the  
Three First Nights.

**M**ARRIAGE of human social states the best,  
Has been too long the coxcomb's common jest,  
While worn-out reprobates and silly boys,  
Unworthy, as unknowing of its joys,  
Loudly exclaim against the nuptial life,  
Extol the harlot, but cry down the wife,  
To such extremes their sawcy sneers are carry'd,  
One wou'd conclude their mothers dy'd unmarried.

To Virtue's glory see the Good and Great,  
Set bright examples of the marriage state.  
Behold our sovereign Lord compleatly blest,  
And in his Queen of all that's good possess:  
In his illustrious Consort CAROLINE,  
All virtues, all perfections splendid shine.  
Tho' plac'd in the sublimity of life,  
Still a fond mother, still a tender wife.

Pattern of virtue and connu'ial love,  
A finish'd copy of the blest above.

Ladies, I now must plead the poet's cause,  
He's your old champion——shall he have applause?  
If valure for our sex can recommend,  
He's known by all to be a woman's friend.

T H E





T H E  
Honest Yorkshire-Man.

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SCENE, *an Apartment in Muckworm's House.*

ARBELLA.      COMBRUSH.

A I R I. By Signior Porpora.

ARBELLA.

G  
Entle Cupid seek my Lover,  
Wast a thousand sighs from me;  
All my tender Fears discover,  
Bid him haste! —  
O bid him haste and set me free.

Combrush!

Comb. Ma'm.

Arb. No News from Gaylove yet?

Comb. Not a Tittle, Ma'am.

Arb. It quite distracts me.

Comb. And every Body else, Ma'am; for when you are out of Humour, one may as well be out of the World. Well! this Love is a strange thing; when once it gets Possession of a young Lady's Heart, it turns her Head quite topsy-turvy, and makes her our of Humour with every Body. — I'm sure I have reason to say so.

Arb.

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*Arb.* Prithee leave your-nonsense, and tell me something of *Gaylove*.

*Comb.* All I can tell you, Ma'm, is, that he is stark staring mad for love of you. But this confounded Uncle of yours—

*Arb.* What of him?

*Comb.* Has just received News of the Arrival of a rich Country Squire out of *Yorkshire*; which Country Squire is cut out for your Husband.

*Arb.* They that cut a Husband out for me, shall cut him out of better Stuff, I assure you.

A I R II. In vain, dear *Cloe*, &c.

*Shall I stand and tamely see*

*Such Smithfield Bargains made of me?*

*Is not my heart my own?*

*I hate, I scorn their clownish Squire,*

*Nor Lord, or Duke, do I desire,*

*But him I love alone.*

*Comb.* Well said, Ma'am, I love a Woman of spirit.

A I R III. Hark! away, 'tis the merryton'd Horn.

*Why should women so much be control'd?*

*Why should Men with our Rights make so bold?*

*Let the Battle 'twixt sexes be try'd,*

*We shall soon prove the strongest side.*

*Then stand to your Arms,*

*And trust to your Charms,*

*Soon whining, and pining*

*The Men will pursue;*

*But if you grow tame,*

*They'll make you their game,*

*And prove perfect Tyrants*

*If once they subdue.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Street near the House.

GAYLOVE and SLANGO.

*Gayl.* No Way to get at her?

*Slang.* The Devil a Bit, Sir? old *Muckworm* has cut off all communicanion: But I have worse News to tell you yet.

*Gayl.* That's impossible.

*Slang.* Your Mistress is to be married to another, and that quickly.

*Gayl.*

Gayl. Married! you surprize me; to whom?

Slang. To 'Squire Sapskull a Yorkshire Gentleman, of a very great Estate.

Gayl. Confusion! Can she be so false? to Sapskull! I know him well, of Sapskull-hall—I was born within a mile and a half of the Place; his Father is the greatest Rogue in the Country, the very Man I am now suing for what my late Brother mortgag'd to him, when I was a Student at Cambridge. Is he not content to withhold my Right from me, but he must seek to rob me of the only Happiness I desire in Life?

A I R IV. The Charms of Florimel.

I. My charming Arabell,  
To make thee mine secure,  
What would not I endure?

'Tis past the Power of Tongue to tell,  
The Love I bear my Arabell.

II. No human Force shall quell  
My Passion for my Dear,  
Can Love be too sincere?  
I'd sooner take of Life farewell,  
Than of my dearest Arabell.

Is there no Way to prevent this Match? You were not us'd to be thus barren of Invention.

Slang. Nor am I now, Sir? your humble Servant has invented already—and such a Scheme—

Gayl. How! which Way dear Slang?

Slang. Why thus—I must personate Arbella, (with this sweet Face) and you her Uncle, under which Disguises we may intercept the Country 'Squire, and get his Credentials; equipt with which,——I leave you to guess the rest.

Gayl. Happy Invention! Success attend it.

Slang. I can't say Amen! though I'd do any thing to serve you. Do you know the Result, Sir? no less than the Forfeiture of your dear Liberty. Have you forgot the Song of the Dog and the Bone?

[N. B. The following Song is taken from Mr. Worsdale's Cure for a Scold, inserted here by his Permission, and very proper to be sung in this Place, by Slang, for the future.]

Tune,

*The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.**Tune, When the bright God of Day.*

## I.

*Who'er to a Wife  
Is link'd for his Life,  
Is plac'd in most wretched Condition :  
Tho' plagu'd with her Tricks,  
Like a Blister she sticks,  
And Death is his only Physician.  
And, &c.*

## II.

*To trifle and toy,  
May give a Man Joy,  
When summon'd by Love or by Beauty ;  
But, where is the Bliss in  
Our Conjugal Kissing,  
When Passion is prompted by Duty.  
When, &c.*

## III.

*The Cur who possess'd  
Of Mutton the best,  
A Bone he could leave at his Pleasure :  
But if to his Tail  
'Tis ty'd without Fail,  
He's barra's'd and plagu'd beyond Measure.  
He's, &c.*

*Gayl. I am now of a contrary Opinion, Vice looks  
so hateful, and Virtue so amiable in my Eyes, especially  
as 'tis the ready Road to true Happiness, I am resolv'd  
to pursue it's Paths. A regular Life, and a good Wife  
for me.*

A I R V. Answer to the above Song.

To the same Tune.

## I.

*That Man who for Life,  
Is blest'd in a Wife,  
Is sure in a happy Condition ;  
Go Things how they will,  
She sticks by him still,  
She's Comforter, Friend and Physician,  
She's, &c.*

## II.

*Pray where is the Joy,  
To trifle and Toy,  
Yet dread some disaster from Beauty !*

*But*



*The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.*

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*But sweet is the bliss,  
Of a Conjugal Kiss,  
Where Love mingles Pleasure with Duty.  
Where, &c.*

III.

*One extravagant whore,  
Shall cost a Man more,  
Than twenty good wives who are saving;  
For wives they will spare,  
That their Children may share,  
But whores are eternally craving.  
But, &c.*

[Exeunt.

SCENE, *another Street.*

*Sapscull and Blunder, staring about.*

*Saps. Wuns-lent! what a mortal big place this same London is? ye mun ne'er see End on't, for sure—— Housen upon Housen, Folk upon Folk—one would admire where they did grow all of 'em.*

*Blund. Ay, Master, and this is nought to what you'll see an by, and ye go to Tower ye mun see great hugeous Ships as tall as Housen: Then you mun go to play housen, and there be no less nor six of 'em, a hopeful Company, o' my Conscience. There you'll see your comical Tragedies, and your Uproars, and Roatoribusses, and hear Fardinella, that sings *Salsa* better nor our Minister Choir-men: And more than that, ye mun ha' your Choice of the prattiest Lasses, ye e'er set Een on.*

*Saps. By th' Mefs, and I'll be somebody among 'em—so I will—— But how mun we find out this same Sir Penurious Muckworm?*

*Blund. Ye mun look to Letter for that.*

*Saps. Letter Says, G-r-o-z Groz-v-e-ve-n-e-e-r-neer Grozveneer Square; but how mun we know where this same Grozveneer Square is?*

*Blund. Why ye mun ask Ostler for that, he'll set you right for sure: For your London Ostlers are wiser by half than our Country Justasses.*

*Saps. Ay, Blunder, every thing's fine in London.*

A I R VI. *London is a fine Town.*

I.

*“ O London is a dainty Place,*

*“ A great and gallant City,*

B

*“ For*

10      *The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.*

" *For all the Streets are pav'd with Gold,*  
 " *And all the Folks are witty.*

II.

" *And there's your Lords and Ladies fine,*  
 " *That ride in Coach and Six,*  
 " *That nothing drink but Claret Wine,*  
 " *And talk of Politicks.*

III.

" *And there's your Beaux, with powder'd Cloaths,*  
 " *Be-daub'd from Head to Chin ;*  
 " *Their Pocket-Holes adorn'd with Gold,*  
 " *But not one Souse within.*

IV.

" *And there the English Actor goes,*  
 " *With many a hungry Belly,*  
 " *While heaps of Gold are forc'd, God wot,*  
 " *On Signior Farinelli.*

V.

" *And there's your Dames of dainty Frames,*  
 " *With Skins as white as Milk,*  
 " *Drest e'ery Day in Garments Gay,*  
 " *Of Sattin and of Silk.*

VI.

" *And if your mind be so inclin'd,*  
 " *To have them in your Arms,*  
 " *Pull out a handsome Purse — of Gold,*  
 " *They can't resist its Charms.*

*To them Gaylove as Muckworm.*

*Gayl.* Welcome to London, dear 'Squire Sapsull, I hope your good Father's well, and all at Sapsull-Hall.

*Saps.* Did ye e'er hear the like, *Blunder*? This old Gentleman knows me as well as I know myself.

*[To Blunder aside.*

*Blund.* Ay, Master, your *Londoners* knows every thing.

*Gayl.* I had Letters of your coming and resol'd to meet you.

*Saps.* Pray, Sir, who may you be an I may be so bold?

*Gayl.* My Name, Sir, is *Muckworm*.

*Saps.* What, Sir *Penurious Muckworm*?

*Gayl.* So they call me.

*Saps.* Sir, if your Name be Sir *Penurious Muckworm*,

my

*The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.* II

my Name is *Samuel Sapsfull*, Jun. Esq; Son of Sir *Samuel Sapsfull* of *Sapsfull Hall* i'th' *East-Riding* o' *Yorkshire*.

*Gayl*. Sir, I am no stranger to your Family and Merit; for which Reason I sent for you to Town, to marry my Neice with 6000*l.* Fortune, and a pretty Girl in the Bargain.

*Blund*. Look ye there Master! [*Aside to Sapsfull.*]

*Sapsf.* Hold your Peace, you Blockhead.

[*Aside to Blunder.*]

*Gayl*. But how may I be sure that you are the very 'Squire *Sapsfull* I sent for. Have you no Letters, no Credentials?

*Sapsf.* Open the Portmante'l *Blunder*—Yes, Sir, I ha' brought all my Tackle with me. Here, Sir, is a Letter from Father:—[*Gives a Letter*]—And here, Sir, are Deeds and Writings, to shew what you mun ha' to trust to: And here, Sir, is Marriage Settlement, sign'd by Father, in fit case young Gentlewoman and I likes one another.

*Gayl*. Sir, she can't chu'e but admire so charming a Person. There is but one Obstacle that I know of.

*Sapsf.* What may that be, an I may be so bold?

*Gayl*. Your Habit, Sir; your Habit.

*Sapsf.* Why, Sir, it was counted wondrous fine in our Country last Parlimenteering Time.

*Gayl*. O, Sir, but it's old-fashion'd now, and my Neice loves every thing to the tip top of the mode. But if you'll go along with me, I'll equip you in an Instant.

A I R VII. Set by the *Author*.

I.

*Come hither, my Country 'Squire,*  
*Take friendly Instructions from me;*  
*The Lords shall admire*  
*Thy Taste in Attire,*  
*The Ladies shall languish for thee.*

C H O R U S.

Such Flaunting,  
 Galanting,  
 And Jaunting,  
 Such Frolicking thou shalt see,

B 2

Thou

12      *The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.*

Thou ne'er like a Clown,  
Shall quit *London's* sweet Town,  
To live in thine own Country.

II.

*A Skimming-dish Hat provide,  
With a little more Brim than Lace;  
Nine Hairs on a side,  
To a Pig's Tail ty'd,  
Will set off thy jolly broad Face.  
Such Flaunting, &c.*

III.

*Go get thee a Footman's Frock,  
And Cudgel quite up to thy Nose  
Then frizz like a Shock,  
And plaister thy Block,  
And buckle thy Shoes at thy Toss.  
Such Flaunting, &c.*

IV.

*A Brace of Ladies fair,  
To pleasure thee shall strive,  
In a Chaise and Pair,  
They shall take the Air,  
And thou in the Box shall drive.  
Such Flaunting, &c.*

V.

*Convert thy Acres to Cash,  
And saw thy Timber Trees down,  
Who'd keep such Trash,  
And not cut a Flash,  
Or enjoy the Delights of the Town.  
Such Flaunting, &c.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, an Apartment.

*Arbella and Combrush.*

A I R VIII. Set by the Author.

I.

*Arb. In vain you mention Pleasure  
To one confin'd like me,  
Ah what is wealth or Treasure,  
Compar'd to Liberty.*

II.

*O thou for whom I languish,  
And dost the same for me,*

*Relieve*



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*Relieve a Virgin's Anguish,  
And set a Captive free.  
To them Muckworm.*

*Muck.* Come there's a good Girl; don't be in the Pouts, now.

*Comb.* I think it's enough to put any young Lady in the Pouts, to deny her the Man she likes, and force her to marry a great Loobily *Yorkshire* Ticke. In short, Sir, my Mistress don't like him, and won't have him—Nay, I don't like him, and I tell you flat and plain she shan't have him.

*Muck.* Shan't have him, Mrs. Snapdragon!

*Comb.* No, shan't have him Sir—If I were she, I'd see who should force me to marry against my Will.

*Muck.* Was ever such an impudent Hussy; but I'll send you packing. Get out of my House, you saucy Baggage.

*Arb.* Sir, tho' you have the Care of my Estate, you have no Command over my Servants: I am your Ward, not your Slave; If you use me thus, you'll constrain me to chuse another Guardian.

*Muck.* [*Aside*] A Gipsy! who taught her this Cunning? I must hasten this Match, or lose 1000*l.* by the Bargain, [*To Arb.*] What a Bustle is here with a peevish Love sick Girl? Pray, Child, have you learnt *Cupid's* Catechism? Do you know what Love is?

*Arb.* Yes. Sir, ———

A I R IX. Set by the Author.

I.

*Love's a gentle generous Passion,  
Source of all sublime Delight,  
When with mutual Inclination,  
Two fond Hearts in one unite.  
Two fond, &c.*

II.

*What are Titles, Pomp or Riches,  
If compar'd with true Content?  
That false Joy which now bewitches,  
When obtain'd we may repent.  
When obtain'd, &c.*

III.

*Lawless Passions bring Vexation,  
But a chaste and constant Love*

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*Is a glorious Emulation,  
Of the blissful State above.  
Of the, &c.*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, one 'Squire Sapsull, out of *Yorkshire*, desires to speak with you.

*Muck.* I'm glad he's come—desire him to walk in.  
*Servant goes out, and returns with Gaylove dressed in Sapsull's Cloaths.*

*Gayl.* Sir, an your Name be Sir *Penurious Muckworm*.

*Muck.* Sir, I have no other; may I crave your's?

*Gayl.* *Samuel Sapsull, jun. Esq;* at your Lordship's Service.

*Muck.* A very mannerly, towardly Youth, and a comely one, I assure you.      [*To Arabella.*]

*Gayl.* Pray, Sir, an I may be so bold, which of these two pretty Lasses is your Niece, and my Wife, that mun be—

*Arb.* What a Brute is this? Before I'd have such a Wretch for a Husband, I'd die ten thousand Deaths.

*Muck.* Which do you like best, Sir?

*Gayl.* Marry, an I were to chuse, I'd take 'em both.

*Muck.* Very courtly, indeed. I see the 'Squire's a Wag.

*Comb.* Both! I'll assure you, Saucebox! the worst is too good for you.

A I R    X.    *Gilly-Flowers, Gentle Rosemary.*

I.

*Why how now, Sir Clown, dost set up for a Wit?*

*Gilly-Flow'r, Gentle Rosemary:*

*If here you should wed, you're as certainly bit,  
As the Dew it flies over the Mulberry Tree.*

II.

*If such a fine Lady to Wife you should take,*

*Gilly-Flow'r, Gentle Rosemary:*

*Your Heart, Head and Horns shall as certainly ake,  
As the Dew it flies over the Mulberry Tree.*

*Muck.* Insufferable Assurance, affront a Gentleman in my House! Never mind her, Sir? she's is none of my Niece, only a pert Slut of a Chamber Maid.

*Gayl.* A Chamber Jade! Lord, Lord, how brave you keep your Maidens here in *London*! Wuns-lent, she's as fine as our Lady Mayorefs.      *Muck.*

*The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.* 15

*Mu k.* Ay, her Mistress spoils her; but follow me,  
Sir, and I'll warrant you we'll manage her, and her  
Mistress too.

A I R XI. Set by the *Author*.

I.

*Gayl.* *I am in Truth,*  
*A Country Youth,*  
*Unus'd to London Fashions,*  
*Yet Virtue guides,*  
*And still presides,*  
*O'er all my Steps and Passions:*  
*No courtly Leer,*  
*But all sincere,*  
*No Bribe shall ever blind me:*  
*If you can like,*  
*A Yorkshire Tike,*  
*An honest Lad you'll find me.*

II.

*Tho' Envy's Tongue,*  
*With Slander hung,*  
*Does oft bely our Country;*  
*No Men on Earth,*  
*Boast greater Worth,*  
*Or more extend their Bounty:*  
*Or Northern Breeze,*  
*With us agrees,*  
*And does for Business fit us;*  
*In publick Cares,*  
*In Love's Affairs,*  
*With Honour we acquit us.*

III.

*A noble Mind*  
*Is ne'er confin'd*  
*To any Shire or Nation;*  
*He gains most Praise,*  
*Who best displays,*  
*A generous Education:*  
*While Rancour rous,*  
*In narrow Souls,*  
*By narrow Views discerning;*  
*The truly wise,*  
*Will only prize,*  
*Good Manners, Sense, and Learning.* [All

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[All this Time *Gaylove* does his utmost to discover himself to *Arbella*, but she turns from him, and won't understand him.]

*Gayl.* Well, an yewunna see, I cannot help it. Good-by-t'ye, forsooth; in the mean Time, here's a Paper with something in it that will clear your Ladyship's Eye-sight. [*Throws down a Letter, and Exit smiling.*]

*Arb.* What can the Fool mean?

*Comb.* [*Taking up the Letter*] Madam, as I live, here's a Letter from Mr. *Gaylove*.

*Arb.* This is surprizing.

[*Snatches the Letter, and reads.*]

**T**H O' this Disguise is put on to blind old Muck-wom, I hope it will not conceal from my dear *Arbella*, the Person of her ever constant *Gaylove*. Blind Fool that I was! I could tear my Eyes out.

*Comb.* Lord, Ma'am, who the Duce could have thought it had been Mr. *Gaylove*? Well, our Maidenheads certainly stood in our Light this Bout.

*Arb.* Hold your Prattle; I have great hopes of this Enterprize, however, it carries a good Face with it; but whether it succeeds or no, I must love the dear Man that ventures so hard for my sake.

A I R XII. Set by the Author.

I.

*That Man who best can Danger dare  
Is most deserving of the Fair;  
The Bold and Brave we Women prize,  
The whining Slave we all despise. The whining, &c.*

II.

*Let Coxcombs flatter, cringe and lie,  
Pretend to languish, pine and die;  
Such Men of Worth my Scorn shall be,  
The Man of Deeds is the Man for me. The Man, &c.*

[*Exeunt.*]

*Comb.* My Mistress is entirely in the right on't.

A I R XIII. I had a pretty Lass a Tenant of my own.

*The Man that ventures fairest,  
And farthest for my Sake,  
With a fal, la, la, &c.  
The soonest of my Purse,*

*And*



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*And my Person shall partake,  
With a fal, la, la, &c.  
No drowsy Drone shall ever  
A Conquest make of me,  
But to a Lad that's clever,  
How civil could I be?*

*With a fal, la, la, &c.* [Exeunt.

*Enter Sapsull dressed A-la-mode de Petit Maitre,  
Blunder, in a rich Livery, with his Hair tucked up,  
and powdered behind.*

*Blund.* Mefs, Master, how fine ye be? marry believe me, an you were at *Sapsull-Hall*, I dare say Sir Samuel himself wou'd hardly know ye.

*Saps.* Know me, marry I don't know myself—  
[Surveying himself]—I am so fine; and thou art quite another Sort of Creature too.—[Turns Blunder about.]  
—Well, talk what ye list o' *Yorkshire*, I say there's nought like *London*; for my Part, I don't care an I ne'er see the face of *Sapsull-Hall* agen.

*Blund.* What need ye, an ye gotten 6000*l.* with a young Gentlewoman; besides, Father has ty'd Estate fast enough to ye;—an I were as ye, I'd e'en bide here, and live as lofty as the best o' 'em.

*Saps.* Ay, *Blunder*, so I will, and see *Bartledom* Fair too.

*Blund.* That ye mun not, for I did hear 'em talk at the *Green Man* at *Barnet*, as how the May'r had cry'd it down.

*Saps.* How! cry'd down *Bartledom* Fair! What a murrain is *London* good for then? I wou'dn't bide here and they'd gi't me—I thought to have had such Fun now.

" A I R XIV. *Bartholemew Fair.*

I.

" O *Bartledom* Fair,

" Since thy Lord Mayor

" Has cry'd thee down;

" There's not worth regarding,

" I'd not give a Farthing,

" For *London* Town.

" Such Pork, such Pig,

" Such Game, such Rig,

C

" Such

18 *The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.*

" Such Rattling there ;

" But all's done,

" There's no Fun,

" At Bartledom Fair.

II.

" Farewell all Joys,

" Of 'Prentice Boys,

" And pretty Maids ;

" The Country and Court

" Have lost all their Sport,

" And the Shew-Folks their Trades ;

" Nay even Cit,

" In a generous Fit,

" Would take Sponsey there,

" But all's done,

" There's no Fun,

" At Bartledom Fair."

*To them a Servant, well dressed.*

*Serv.* Gentlemen, I come from Sir *Penuridous Muckworm*, I am his Servant, and wait on Purpose to conduct you to Mrs. *Arbella's* Apartment.

*Sapf.* Servant ! Waunds, why you're finer nor your Master.

*Serv.* O, Sir, that's nothing in *London*.

SCENE, *an Apartment.*

*Slango* representing *Arbella*, *Servant* introduces *Sapscull* and *Blunder*.

*Sapf.* Well, forsooth, you know my Business ; few Words are best among Friends — Is it a Match, or no ? — say, Ay ; and I'll second you.

*Slang.* A very compendious way of wooing truly. [*aside.*] I hope you'll spare a Maiden's Blushes, Sir ; but Lard Gad you are too quick upon me.

*Sapf.* I mean to be quicker yet, ay marry, and make thee quick too, afore I ha' done with thee.

*Slang.* I protest, Sir, you put me to such a Nonplus, I don't know what to say.

*Sapf.* Ne'er heed ; Parson shall teach thee what to say. For my Part I ha' con'd my Lesson afore-hand.

*Slang.* But will you love me ?

*Sapf.* Love thee ! Lord, Lord, I loves thee better  
than

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than I does my *Bay Filley*; did you ne'er see her, forsooth? Od, she's a dainty Tit, and sure I am,—I love her better nor I do nown Father.—*Blunder*, run and fetch a Parson.

*Slang*. Mr. *Blunder* may save himself that Trouble, Sir, I have provided one already.

*Saps*. Why then let's make Haste, dear sweet Honey, for I do long till it's over.

A I R XV. Dance o'er the Lady Lee.

*Oh, how I long 'till Grace be said,*

*Dance o'er the Lady Lee,*

*A good Sack Posset, and then to Bed,*

*With a gay Lady.* [Exeunt.

A I R XVI. Set by the Author.

I.

*Gayl*. *Thou only Darling I admire,*  
*My Heart's Delight, my Soul's Desire,*  
*Possessing thee I've greater store,*  
*Than King to be of India's shore.*

II.

*For every Woman were there three,*  
*And in the World no Man but me;*  
*I'd single you from all the rest,*  
*To sweeten Life and make me blest.*

*Arb*. Well! I never was so deceiv'd in my Life!

How could you clown it so naturally?

*Gayl*. What is it I would not do for your dear Sake?

But, I intreat you, let's lay hold of this Opportunity, and put it out of Fortune's Power ever to divide us.

*Arb*. What would you have me do?

*Gayl*. Leave all to me. I have left *Cambrush* to amuse your Uncle, while a Fellow-Collegiate of mine, who is in Orders, waits in the next Room to finish the rest.

*Arb*. Do what you will with me: For, in short, I don't know what to do with myself.

A I R XVII. The Nymph that undoes me.

I.

*Arb*. *Let Prudes and Coquets their Intentions conceal;*  
*With Pride, and with Pleasure, the Truth I reveal.*  
*You're all I can wish, and all I desire,*  
*So fix'd is my Flame, it ne'er can expire.*

*So fix'd is my Flame, &c.*

C 2

II *Gayl*.

## II.

Gayl. *Let Rakes and let Libertines revel and range;  
Possess'd of such Treasure, what Mortal wou'd  
change?  
You're the source of my Hopes, the spring of my Joy,  
A Fountain of Bliss that never can cloy.*

*A Fountain of Bliss, &c.*

A I R XVIII. By Mr. Handel.

[Gaylove and Arbella together.

*How transporting is the Pleasure,  
When two Hearts like ours unite?*

*When our Fondness knows no Measure,  
And no Bounds our dear Delight.*

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Muckworm and Combrush.*

Muck. Well; I forgive you: This last Action has made Amends for all. I find a Chamber Maid is prime Minister in matrimonial Affairs—And you say, they are quite loving?

Comb. Fond, fond, Sir, as two Turtles! But I beg you wou'd not disturb 'em.

Muck. By no Means; let 'em have their Love-out, pretty Fools! I shall be glad, however, to see some of their little Fondnesses: But tell me seriously, how do you like the 'Squire?

Comb. Oh, of all Things, Sir; and so does my Mistress, I assure you.

Muck. How that Scoundrel, Gaylove, will be disappointed.

Comb. He'll be ready to hang himself, (about her Neck.)

[*Aside.*

Muck. They'll make Ballads upon him.

Comb. I have made one already, and will sing it if you please.

Muck. With all my Heart.

A I R XIX. A Beggar got a Beadle.

## I.

*There was a certain Usurer,*

*He had a pretty Niece,*

*Was courted by a Barrister,*

*Who was her doating Piece:*

*His Uncle, to prevent the same,*

*D.d all that in him lay,*

For



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*For which he's very much to blame,  
As all good People say.*

II.

*A Country 'Squire was to wed  
This fair and dainty Dame;  
Eut such Contraries in a Bed  
Would be a mort'rous shame:  
To see a Lady bright and gay,  
Of Fortune and of Ch'ams,  
So shamefully be thrown away,  
Into a Looby's Arms.*

III.

*The Lovers, thus distracted,  
It set them on a Plot;  
Which lately has been acted,  
And———shall I tell you what?  
The Gentleman disguis'd himself  
Like to the Country 'Squire,  
Deceiv'd the old mischievous Elf,  
And got his Hart's Desire.*

*Muck.* I don't like this Song.

*Comb.* Then you don't like Truth, Sir.

*Muck.* What d'ye mean to affront me?

*Comb.* Would you have me tell a Lye, Sir?

*Muck.* Get out of my House, you Baggage.

*Comb.* I only stay to take my Mistress with me;  
and see, here she comes.

*To them GAY LOVE and ARBELLA.*

*Muck.* So, Sir, you have deceiv'd me; but I'll provide you a Wedding Suit; a fine long *Chancery* Suit, before ever you touch a Penny of her Fortune.

*Gayl.* Sir, if you dare embezzle a Farthing, I'll provide you with a more lasting Garment; a curious *Stone Doublet*: you have met with your Match, Sir; I have studied the Law, ay, and practis'd it too.

*Muck.* The Devil take you and the Law together.—

*To them SAPSCULL, SLANGO, and BLUNDER.*

—Hey Day! Who in the Name of Wonder have we got here?

*Gayl.* Only 'Squire *Sapscull*, his Bride, and loobily Man.

*Slang.* Come, my Dear! hold up your Head like a  
Man,

22 *The Honest* YORKSHIRE-MAN.

Man, and let me see what an elegant Husband I have got.

*Blund.* Ay; and let them see what a dainty Wife my Master has gotten.

*Saps.* Here's a Power of fine Folk, sweet honey Wife! pray, who may they be?

*Slang.* I his, Sir, is Sir *Penurious Muckworm* —

*Saps.* No, Honey! I fear you are mistaken. Sir *Penurious* is another guise Sort of a Man; an I mistake not he's more liker yon same Gentleman.

*Blund.* Ay, so he is, Master.

*Slang.* That same Gentleman was Sir *Penurious Muckworm*, some Time ago, but now he's changed to *George Gaylove*, Esq;

*Gayl.* At your Service, Sir.

*Saps.* And who's yon fine Lady?

*Gayl.* My Wife! Sir, and that worthy Knight's Niece.

*Saps.* Your Wife! and that Knight's Niece! why who a Murrain have I gotten then?

*Gayl.* My Man, *Slango*; and I wish you much Joy.

*Saps.* Your Man, *Slango*! what have I married a Man then?

*Slang.* If you don't like me, my Dear, we'll be divorced this Minute.

*Saps.* My Dear, a Murrain take such Dears! Where's my Writings? I'll ha' you all hang'd for Cheats.

*Gayl.* You had better hang yourself for a Fool. Go Home, Child, go Home and learn more Wit. There's your Deed of Settlement; but as for the Writings, they happen to be mine, and kept fraudulently from me by your Father, to whom they were mortgag'd by my late Brother. The Estate has been clear these three Years. Send your Father to me, and I'll talk to him. This is but Tit for Tat, young Gentleman. Your Father wanted to get my Estate from me, and I have got the Wife he intended for you. All's fair, Sir.

*Muck.* I say all's foul, and a damn'd Cheat; and so I'll make it appear. *[Exit in a Rage.]*

*Gayl.* Do your worst, Sir, you can't unmarry us.

A I R XX. Set by the Author.

I.

Arb. Now Fortune is past it's severest ;  
My Passion of mortal's sincerest,  
Kind Heav'n has repaid in my dearest ;  
What Gifts can it greater bestow ?

Gayl. True Love shall thro' Destiny guide us,  
Still constant whatever betide us,  
There's nothing but Death shall divide us,  
So faithful a Fondness we'll shew.

B O T H.

By Cupid and Hymen united,  
By Dangers no longer affrighted,  
We'll live in each other delighted,  
The greatest of Blessings below.

Saps. What mun I do ; I mun ne'er see Father's  
Face again.

Gayl. Never fear, 'Squire, I'll set all to rights ;  
tho' your Father's my Enemy, I'm not yours : My  
House shall be your Home, till I have reconcil'd you  
to your Father ; and for the Honour of Yorkshire, I'll  
see you shan't be abus'd here.

Saps. Say ye so, Sir ? then I do wish you much Joy  
with all my Heart.

Blund. Ay, and to does Blunder too.

Saps. Well, sin I see you be so happy in a Wife, I'll  
not be long without one I assure you.

Gayl. You can't be happier than I wish you.

A I R XXI. Set by the Author.

C H O R U S.

I.

Gayl. Come learn by this ye Batchelors,  
Come learn by this ye Batchelors,  
Who lead unsettled Lives.  
When once ye come to serious Thought,  
When once ye come to serious Thought,  
There's nothing like good Wives.  
There's nothing like good Wives.

II.

Arb. Come learn by this ye Maiden's fair,  
Come learn, &c.

Say

*The Honest YORKSHIRE-MAN.*

*Say I advise you well,  
You're better in a Husband's Arms,  
You're better, &c.*

*Than leading Apes in Hell.*

*Than leading, &c.*

## III.

Sapf. *A Batchelor's a Cormorant,*

*A Batchelor's, &c.*

*A Batchelor's a Drone,*

*He eats and drinks at all Men's Cost,*

*He eats, &c.*

*But seldom at his own.*

*But seldom, &c.*

## IV.

Comb. *Old Maids and fusty Batchelors,*

*Old Maids, &c.*

*At Marriage rail and lowre,*

*So when the Fox cou'dn't reach the Grapes,*

*So wh'n, &c.*

*He cry'd, they were all sow'r,*

*He cry'd, &c.*

O M N E S.

*Old Maids, &c.*

F I N I S.





